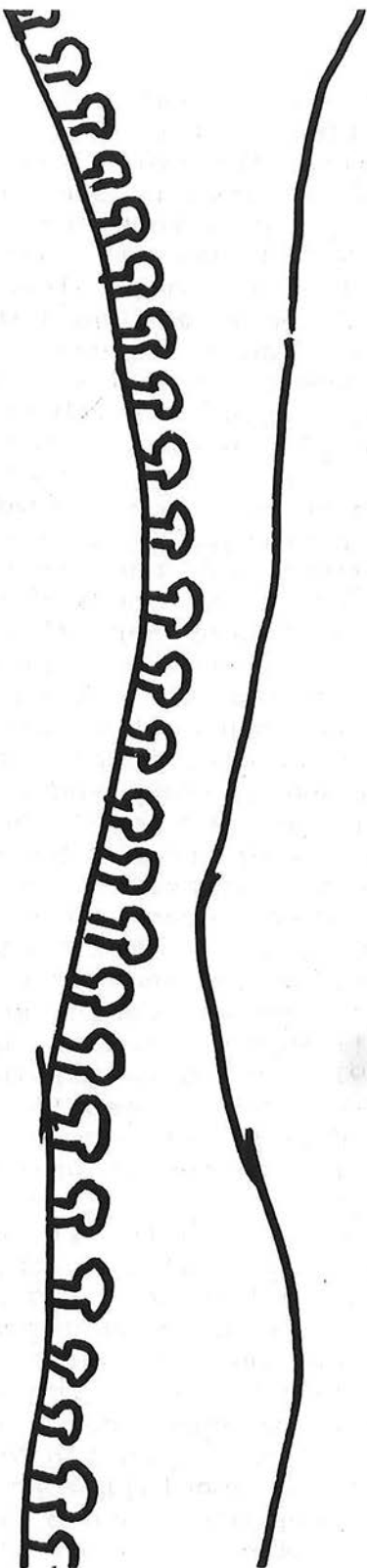


Salem

6



how

very

Dear readers.

welcome to issue number six of Salem. some of you might remember a story i wrote which appeared in number 3 called the void, well the story persephone and the void is sort of a re-write but it's really not i just took the two characters and the result is 97% different. just so you know i'm writing this after not much sleep during another up working on Salem night and i want to finish this issue and i can't see really well so forgive the various nonsense things i'll do. this is the first issue containing writing by someone else. her name is pauline gnesin. i met her this summer because she was one of my roommates for a couple of months this summer. she's a wonderful writer and i think her writing fits right in with Salem. unfortunately she went back to new york for college about two weeks ago and i really miss her. also i didn't photocopy her other work so when i get it we'll be hearing more from her. i almost called her to ask her to read this story to me so i could write it down or taperecord it but i didn't so oh well. please write to me.... Salem's getting better every issue and i need your responses so i know how people are reacting to it. cause right now only friends have been telling me and friends aren't always the best at responding to your work. please read close to the knives by david wojnarowicz it is amazing same with seven miles a second. he has another book i haven't read yet called the waterfront journals. also!!!! please!!! see!!! Picnic at Hanging Rock!!!!!! it was made in 1979 and is so amazing!!!! pauline and i watched it and really need!!!! your theories about what happened!!!! we spent hours discussing it. so please if you see it write and tell me your theory. also it was a book first and it's out of print and i'm on search for it in the hopes that it will contain more information. i think the author is joan lindsay and it's out of print but i'm sure it's floating around somewhere. i'm sorry i just went on and on for no reason. maybe you should write me and tell me what to say in my editor's letter. my computer is from '83 so i only have one font, size. i don't have spell check, i can't format it so hopefully one day i'll be able to afford a better one. have a splashing time through issue number six. love christopher.

## Bitter Taste: america

I can sit here and watch this tv and hear about all the things which are being done for my benefit. That I can help educate a kid if I buy extra crayons while I'm at Target. That Diane the newscaster is going to Lake Street to talk to prostitutes to try and find an identity for the man who raped and killed my neighbor last night. That father shithead donated a wing of his dungeon to homeless children. But if little Bobby tries to enter the church he'll be told they only help on the 15th of every month and to come back then. Meanwhile he sells his body for the remains of grease left on burners. And each piece of skin which flakes off he names after a politician. Diane takes the prostitutes to a cafe for a meal. And they have a good talk. Temporary solution. The prostitutes smiled for Diane and reassured her ability to help. Diane collected descriptions of fat politicians she dined with regularly. I guess they get around she had said. An older boy manifests a plan to poison all those ignorant assholes with the blood of their relatives and their neighbors and videotape their deaths as a precedent for what will happen to others if they don't wise up and pull the stick out of their ass. He publicises his plan on the internet and the layout of the houses containing these assholes and where to find the needles and how he'll donate his blood for the cause and won't you donate some because he only has so much blood and there are a lot of assholes out there. Some closeted politician fag stumbles upon the site and decides to use it as the tool to improve his breath and to disprove any rumors about him and the man at that bar last night or about the unusual size of his asshole which his doctor was getting payed to disperse information about. So this fuck head shows this site to his leader but forgets to tell him how he found it. That he had logged in sex with men and found the link from Dave's Bear and Cub room of sexy hot men containing pictures of suckfests and cop fetishes. That before moving on to the link had himself jacked off onto his keyboard and was humping a dildo. So he got all

this press and was the new instigator behind the bar queer sites shit (as if that will stop us). Diane broke open a story about young boy prostitutes and adopted the little boy who was turned down by the church that told him to come back on the 15th. The boy had a room in her garage and was fed leftovers from a slop tray and when some organization would come over to give her an award for cleaning up the scum of the world she'd dress him and let him bathe. He had some kind of vocal problem when she found him and the doctors couldn't do anything about it. Diane had cried for nights over this and prayed to the lord for a miracle. The medical records of the surgical removal of his voice box were burned by the same doctor who stands outside abortion clinics and pushes pregnant women down and knives the practicing doctors because murder to anyone who falls outside the christian law is justifiable, used as an excuse for the temple those assholes have built to punish anyone they're afraid of. In those churches children are taught that sex is bad and any minority should be stomped upon and it's acceptable to do this. The adults smile when the sunday school children tell ignorant jokes and harass the town nerd and the adults contemplate if the Stepford Wives can really happen and if so how they can sign up. The smart internet boy moved to D.C. and was hired as a waiter at the white house. He waited until a big convention of cocks was set before thawing his freezer. The red sauce was his own creation and those assholes deserved to taste and drink the damage they'd done and feel him inside them another fucked up person from the streets who created the way society treats him and he was happy to watch them smile and joke about the fags wanting fag rights because he could see his angelic blood intercepting their own blood and taking over and he imagined the years which lay ahead for these assholes and how the pain of the world was going to be their pain now and they'd have to deal with it and the boy could now live with the satisfaction that things were going to change and he would be allowed to kiss his boyfriend on the street in his next life after all

this pain will have disappeared. And those prostitutes became Diane's sex toys and were brought home to arouse her man because women together made him hard. He loved to watch them eat each other out and he found out once that one of them had a penis so his phantasy of having his wife suck two dicks at once was fulfilled. And the boy in her garage would escape to the library during the day and spend hours reading for his life which was composed of and didn't stop in that garage.

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I can't listen to this shit. It makes me sick. The realization that I'm part of this big joke for America. That they can all laugh at me and pat my hand and say darling you're so sweet. Like my brain is somehow smaller than theirs. And I'm just this fucking idiot you can laugh at and make fun of and chuck into a corner with a pity sign nailed to my forehead. You are so fucking uncomfortable when I'm in the room and you use those laughs to make yourself feel comfortable because you are an asshole who can't deal with life. And I cry when I listen to Loveline and the shit which is shaping our country and America is a pile of shit full of dumb fucks who laugh at my issues. It's the raised male without compassion who calls his girlfriend stupid because she tries to talk to him. And I'm so sick of my fucking repression and your oppression that I could rip your body apart and throw it in the sea. And you think you are so smart and politically correct but you're wearing a blindfold you tied yourself. The shit you play on your radio. I know your ulterior motives. You are the next close minded generation brought up by your alternative radio. And I'm part of that generation but I don't believe Sheryl Crow has any talent. She says what you want her to: Are you strong enough to be my man. Fitting those wonderful stereotypes that tell the world it's okay to be a stupid standby woman. Because men are still the dominant sex you say but most women I know disprove your theory. I'll start a riot and burn down your radio station and lynch you big mouths and I'll swear all the way to jail and you can call me immature for cursing but you taught me cursing is cool don't you remember dip shit.

women and religion  
pauline gnesin

virgin mary  
mother of jesus  
the ultimate good girl  
did she masturbate  
i wonder  
if she sat up nights  
watching joe sleep beside her  
waiting

for him to realize  
she was not that kind of girl  
it would make me sad  
if she never had an orgasm  
if all she ever got  
was that screaming kid  
i wonder

did she ever feel like i  
like an incubator  
a baby maker  
i wonder if she knows  
how many good girls  
feel bad

its not really her fault  
can you imagine her  
waking up one day  
with a life in her stomach  
and a curse in front of her name

sita  
wife of rama  
the ultimate good girl  
did you know  
she was  
a survivor of domestic violence  
your role model

india's sweetheart  
i wonder if she stood in that fire  
thinking

is he worth it

i wonder if

maybe

she would have preferred  
to hang with the demons

your ass and connect it to your belly button,  
caged penis. Do you have that ball one of your

You should really get that checked out it looks as  
if a rabid dog bit you. You don't want a boil of  
purple puss dangling from your neck when you meet  
Mr. Right. I suppose he could pop it for you. It'd  
be kind of romantic. Michael you were suck  
vacuum of shit. You dick bout you were suck  
all zombies whispering  
"A-ah how you've c  
dicks move  
i and n  
Yo  
ne for  
i cock  
ovir  
'on



## Interrogation, my son

Cry me a song of past sex filled with multiple orgasms and bloody asses. The man you are Michael is nothing more than a cock. You'll bleed to death from all those nights in the bushes. Jack went to the other side after watching you and says he's happier with them. That you were nothing more than a bump in the road. I hear you have so many scabs your doctor wears a mask. He's quite sick of treating a faggot. He has real patients to tend to. Don't be surprised if next time you have an appointment they turn you away. You've been labeled condemned. Your last trick was into shaving. He shaved your asshole and let the blood flow forth and now you have a cousin-it ass with multiple ingrown hairs. The police have been getting suspicious. A blow job won't get your way out of that one babe. They don't go for that. They don't worship your big blood cock like all those silly faggots who wear shirts reading, "SIZE REALLY DOES MATTER." Why don't they just wear a shirt saying, "I'M A SHALLOW TEENYBOPPER WHO NEVER GREW UP AND MY INTELLIGENCE IS NILL." You can stop trying to cover up your neck I've already seen the holes. You think I never played vampire. You should really get that checked out it looks as if a rabid dog bit you. You don't want a boil of purple puss dangling from your neck when you meet Mr. Right. I suppose he could pop it for you. It'd be kind of romantic. Michael you were sucked up a vacuum of shit. You dick bought you everyone. They were all zombies whispering, "Big cock yum. Answer to life." And now you've come to me for support because your tricks moved on to Providence to spill their seed and no one wants you anymore. You're old meat. You're stale cock. Besides, who needs Michael when Big Boy is around. I swear these faggots just disgust me. They speak just like jocks do about tits. They are the idiots we fear as a compassionate world. You were the sorcerer of dickmanship and are now paying. You allowed men to sew you up and then fuck you like a virgin like in Africa, a server to your men. Some would laugh at your stupid slab. How big and airhead-like it looked. Hi I'm a big dumb dick.

Look at how dumb I look. Anthony was really good to you wasn't he. He'd chew on your cock until he broke layers of skin and had his tongue in the real meat. I'll bet those were some fun stitches. And why on earth would you get a chain planted up your ass and connect it to your belly button, caged penis. Do you have that ball one of your tricks cut off in that jar under your arm. I would have sliced your dick off and drilled a vagina hole for future sex. Your dick really took you places. You've seen more and done more than I ever will congratulations scag slag. John was a closet case loser who was fucking your mouth because his wife's jaw was wired shut so she'd lose that fat ass of hers. Your dad was a good swordsman. He was so proud of his big boy. Look how he's grown Bob. No he doesn't mind you can play with it in fact he finally learned how to do butts last night he's a quick learner he's up for anything get it I know I do. I always wondered how you masturbated that big monster with out your hand falling off or getting chapped. A real prodigy, he always knew you'd be the big one. He nourished it and made you do exercises every day and it was worth it. Remember when you thought you were pregnant because your belly was so bloated and you were a semen swimming vessel, semen mortuary. For five days you prayed to your asshole convincing yourself it wasn't a baby shooter. Your dad released you when you were ten, right. He licked your ass off his porch and said he'd give you food for sucks when you felt like coming 'round. Sharlene was a surprise. After you fucked her ass she showed you she wasn't really a drag queen and said she had a fascination with seducing and getting fucked by gay boys. Your nud photos are still printed in Stud Puppy. I mean look at all that cock. Boys gather in groups in their secret hide-outs with issues of Stud Puppy stuffed up their shirts, reveal their meat and open up to pictures of you and hack away and cum onto a piece of bread, the last one to cum has to eat the piece of bread, and there's always the shy one who begs to watch and has to give out blow jobs for payment. You have relayed the perfect male body to all those confused faggots



Michael, aren't you proud. You should be. The clean-cut white american boy in Stud Puppy. Those back thrashes will be America's remembrance of your cock. And the excuse they look to when their sons are getting fat deposits inserted into their penis to please the idiots they're fucking. Your sweat is poisonous and I'm sick of watching it fall into a puddle on the floor besides you and making swirls of colorful oil and watching the people catch themselves off guard at the sudden obstacle they're faced with and the putrid looks they give you when they realize they've stepped into it while looking for the source.

That boy can sit next to me and keep his cheek pressed against mine. He can sleep next to me with his legs wrapped around me trapped in a configuration of potential asthenia. His breath will form drops of nectar on my back and carry my mind away from a time where I am screaming and creating blood splotches on the wall. He can hold my hand and kiss my forehead and I'll explore the curves of his hips and the smoothness of his back and his beautiful chest which is at times pressed against mine. The image of this boy feels so right and exactly what I need to nourish my pores with the nectar they are lacking. He has a chemical which if instilled properly can instigate my more than ready blood to swirl throughout my body and his. I wake in the morning and stare at him and think of all the pain I've gone through and which lies ahead and how for a brief time I can forget all of it when he is around. That he treats my body better than I do and caresses it and kneads it as if he were creating layers of skin like the layers of a sea rock. He knows how my body reacts under heat and what to do to lose us. I know how his skin feels in my hands. I could map out every inch of his body and draw a portrait of his soul with cray-pas.

inhibitor

everyone fits a stereotype

no matter what you say

if you think you're not homophobic

just because you're gay

you better look again

and see your bloody wounds

and extend that list to include yourself

and acknowledge the boy down the street

you just discredited and called sick

and replace the stolen heads

because we don't need to fight one more person

you're just one more block to your own freedom

so look back at your analyzing

and be happy i'm a queer

'cause i could write you off just as easy

and call you a disgrace

but then i'd trip over you

on my way to myself

and fall down

crashing through the ground for millions of years

: never knowing either of us

because there is no need

to converse with dead weight

seen the holes. You should really get that checked out it looks  
if a rabid dog bit v  
purple puss dangl  
Mr. Right. I supp  
be kind of romanti  
vacuatur shit. Yc  
were  
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You don't want a boill  
your neck when you me  
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everyone. I  
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anymor  
aside  
I

## Persephone and the Void

I can see flashes of pebbles as they try to pierce through to the underworld. Swirls of gray and black form wind tunnels occupying the dead stuck leaves. I have this alcove to live in. My walk is inhibited by the invisible water which surrounds me. The pebbles which have broken through have enveloped my lungs. It is as if I am in a glass bubble stuck between the two worlds. Persephone has been my only visitor, passing by twice a year. She must run and jump straight down to pierce the soil which allows her to pass between the two worlds. Persephone sinks past me plugging her nose and sometimes smiling or waving. She had passed me eight times before stopping. When she stopped she told me stories. I was the one she confided in as I'm not going anywhere. Her winters are filled with a boring stillness. She lies under leafless trees and thinks most of the time. The farthest tree from her captivator. The man she plans to punish.

She once told me a story about a time when she had fun the whole year long. Persephone and her friends would run through gardens and woods playing games until sundown. They'd make up plays and present them to each other. The light was used as a time for great exploration. A new adventure every day. The nights were spent in some remote cottage where the boys and girls would play with each other's hair or sing or dance or tell stories until the sun was being awakened. They shared a mutual love which provoked them to kiss each other and walk hand in hand as an undisturbed society. The boys kissing each other with the same comfort and pleasure as kissing the girls. And the girls enjoyed kissing regardless of gender also. These were the days when Persephone contained the most beauty. But unfortunately a greedy man noticed the sweetness which flowed between these friends and the remarkable beauty Persephone emitted. He watched as they played their games, appearing in the forms of interested animals or soft blades of grass under their feet. But he grew impatient and his desire for Persephone only increased. He was sick and

tired of waiting for their love to dissipate. For he realized it wouldn't happen naturally. And he being a god had the power to destroy the society. And Persephone was to be the chosen pawn. His greed and desire the reason their love had to come to an end. He wanted Persephone for himself. She was younger than him and much more beautiful. So one day he hid in the underworld underneath the beauties' favorite forest and waited for Persephone to take her turn to be the counter in their game of hide-and-seek. Just as Persephone was opening her eyes to start searching for her friends the ground split beneath her and she fell down through to the underworld. Persephone was shaking and cradling her legs and crying to her friends for their help. As fast as the ground had split it was pieced together leaving her friends unable to rescue her. The man came from behind her and put a hand on her shoulder. She jumped up and faced him, the front of her dress mixed with tears and dirt and blood. The man gestured towards his throne but she would not move. He grabbed her wrists and dragged her to it and placed her before him underneath him and forced her to do things she did not know of. Above, her friends had told of the happening and Persephone's mother was informed. Her mother was furious and called to Zeus for help. Zeus spoke to the man but this didn't do any good. Persephone was seen eating six pomegranate seeds and therefore was no longer pure but now soiled. And the man had been the one who destroyed her innocence. So it was agreed that Persephone stay with the man for six months of the year and with her mother for the other six.

Persephone adapted to her new circumstances and only spoke to her mother when she was above and to herself when she was below. The man could not control her and keep her at his side. The agreement was that she would have to be in the underworld, not attached to him. The man and Persephone had not spoken for years. He was informed of her arrival and departure.

Then one winter when Persephone had just arrived she informed the inhabitants of the underworld she had found a new love for her man and wished to dine with him that very night. The man was thrilled and sent the

Section  
queen and said she  
her ass she showed  
you she  
a fact  
with

inhabitants on a preparation course. He made sure every thing was perfect. The food was cooked to the finest degree. A table was prepared in the center of the underworld on a platform which the inhabitants would be allowed to crowd around and watch, as he is a man for show. The hours passed and he dressed himself in the finest clothes. Persephone had prepared a beautiful white gown which trailed behind her and was cut exactly in the right places. The man and the crowd anticipated her arrival. And when she did arrive the crowd clapped and the man gestured towards her seat opposite his. They spoke through smiles and ate their dinner like a new couple in love. And the crowd smiled too to see such a perfect happening take place between the two. At the end of the meal Persephone rose to her feet and walked towards the man. She asked him to stand, cup his hands, and close his eyes. The man obeyed with a smile on his face. Persephone opened her jaw and in one great heave shot the rest of the pomegranate seeds she had eaten and kept hidden in the back of throat for so many years into his hands. And he opened his eyes and looked at his hands dripping with saliva and up at Persephone who had started laughing and at the crowd who had realized the weight of this action as soon as it happened. That now the man was being held responsible for all he'd done and would have to carry that responsibility for the rest of his life.

That was the last story she ever told me. She hasn't been through here since. I suspect she told it to me on her last journey between the two worlds.

anticipated

i say if you want some action boy  
you better come around here

'cause no one has wet there lips on this cock  
no one has felt my insides

and for some reason they're going to explode  
right now

while you're reading this

so cash in your transfer for a free ride

'cause it won't be long now 'til i come

and call you a disgrace  
but  
or you

*Bernadette, We Miss You*

1 million a year

i forgot to write an apology to bernadette in  
the editor's letter. let me just remind you i'm  
writing this right after i wrote the editor's  
letter and now i'm seeing and thinking less.  
bernadette has appeared in every issue since  
number 2 on. and instead of telling her story i  
evolved her into a different person. i lied to  
you about who she really is and i felt bernadette  
deserved this space in dedication to the truth.  
she might come back and try her story again but i  
think she's still not speaking to me. i turned her  
into a gay boy. my apologies bernadette and  
hopefully we'll be hearing from you soon.



soundtrack: Ani DiFranco- Dilate  
Out Of Range  
Dog Coffee  
Both Hands  
Not So Soft

Suzanne Vega- Suzanne Vega

Combustible Edison- Schizophonic

The Amps- Pacer

Liz Phair- Juvenalia

Tori Amos- Under The Pink  
Boys For Pele  
Ode To The Banana King  
(part one)

Nearly God

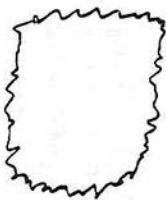
Madonna- Like A Virgin  
Papa Don't Preach  
Fever (edit one)  
You'll See (spanish)

books: Close to the Knives- David Wojnarowicz  
Seven Miles A Second- Wojnarowicz&Romberg  
A Queer Red Spirit- C.F. Borgman  
(men on men)

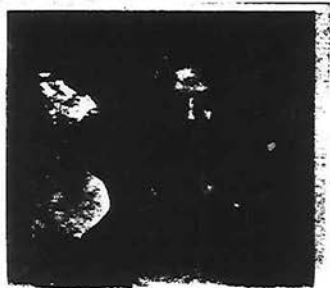
thank you: Pauline  
Myron and Lyle  
Ballet of the Dolls  
Elissa  
Robyn and Scott  
Sonia  
Brook  
Kim  
Tom

( new Liz Phair, PJ Harvey & John Parish, Throwin  
Muses, and possibly Kristin Hersh solo album on  
the way these next few months!!!!!!!!!!!!!! and  
ther's a mysterious rumor about a new Pizzicato  
Five album...)

SALEM  
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To:



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